

## Marxian Club Socialists

Any question concerning Socialism answered. Address all communications to K. S. Hilliard, 436 Herrick Avenue.

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### THE EARTH FOR ALL.

Thus saith the Lord: You weary me with prayers, and waste your own short years;

Eternal Truth you can not see Who weep, and shed your sight in tears!

In vain you wait and watch the skies, No better fortune thus will fall; Up from your knees I bid you rise, And claim the Earth for All!

They ate up Earth, and promised you The Heaven of an empty shell! 'Twas theirs to say: 'twas yours to do, On pain of everlasting Hell! They rob and leave you helpless! For help of Heaven to cry and call; Heaven did not make your misery; The Earth was given for All!

Behold in bonds your Mother Earth! The rich man's prostitute and slave! Your Mother Earth, that gave you birth, You only own her for a grave! And will you die like slaves, and see Your Mother left a fettered thrall? Nay! live like men and set her free, As Heritage for All!

—Gerald Massey.

### AN OLD FABLE RE-TOLD.

Working Women Should Read and Profit by the Moral.

In the days before man had completely established his dominion over the animal world, the poultry of a certain country, unnamed in my record, met in solemn conference in the largest hall they could hire for

their money: the period was serious for it was drawing near Christmas and the question in debate partook of the gravity of the times: for, in short, various resolutions, the wording of which have not come down to us, were to be moved on the all-important subject

### "WITH WHAT SAUCE SHALL WE BE EATEN?"

Needless to say that the hall was crowded to suffocation, or that an overflow meeting (presided over by working class leaders) was held on the neighboring dung-hill. All went smoothly; the meeting was apparently unanimous and certainly enthusiastic; abundant wisdom was poured out on the all-important question, and the hearts of all glowed with satisfaction at the progress of the race-poultry. The very bantam hens were made happy by the assurance that their claims to cackling were to be seriously considered.

But when the hands of the clock were pointing to ten minutes to ten the excited audience, as they recovered from the enthusiasm produced by one of the great speeches of the evening, saw on the platform beside the chairman a battered-looking and middle-aged barn-door cock, who they perceived was holding forth in a lugubrious voice, praising the career and motives of every advanced politician of the poultry yard.

### He Was Revolutionary.

This bored the audience a good deal, but being used to it they stood with patience for some time, till at last the orator's voice got rather clearer and louder, and he spoke somewhat as follows: "Sir, I know

I have little right to air my own theories (cheers) after the remarkable and clear exposition of the rights of the poultry which has been delivered in various wails on this platform—(loud cheers), but I am free to confess that one idea has occurred to me which seems to have escaped the more educated minds of our leaders tonight (cries of Oh, Oh); the idea is this—"Here he stopped dead, and amid ironical cheers tried nervously to help himself to water from the long-ago emptied decanter, then at least blurted out in a trembling, shivering voice, not without a suspicion of tears in it, "In short, I DON'T WANT TO BE EATEN AT ALL; it is possible."

But here a storm of disapproving cries broke out, amongst which could be heard loudest the words "practical politics," "county franchise," "liberal party," "municipal government for Coxstead!" which at last calmed themselves down into a steady howl of "question, question!" in the midst of which the ragged, middle-aged cock withdrew, apparently not much more depressed than when he first stood up.

After his departure the meeting ended in all harmony, and a resolution was passed with enthusiasm that the conclusions come to in the foregoing resolutions should be engrossed and forwarded to the farmer's wife (or widow was it?) and the head poultryer.

A rumor has reached us that, while there were doubts as to the sauce to be used in the serving up, slow stewing was settled on as the least revolutionary form of cookery.—William Morris.

### THE AUSTRALIAN PARADISE OF LABOR.

The legislature of New South Wales has passed an act amending the Industrial Disputes Act of 1908. Considering that Australia has so often been cracked up as "the workman's paradise," such tidings naturally suggest the thought that the act of 1908 must have been beautiful, and that the present amended act must be beautiful. Paradieses are naturally supposed to grow more and more, and not less and less paradisaical.

The Australian paradise seems to go by inverse order. The act of 1908, quite hard upon the workman, as far as it went, now, in its amended form, comes down upon him like a pile of bricks.

The amended act empowers any police officer above the rank of sergeant, when he has any reasonable ground to believe that any building or place is being used for a meeting for instigating or aiding in a continuance of strike, to enter such building by breaking open doors, etc., and seize any documents which he may reasonably suspect relate to such a strike or lockout. The amended act further provides that any meeting of two or more persons assembled for the foregoing purposes shall be declared unlawful, and any person caught in such unlawful purposes shall be liable to imprisonment for twelve months.

At the London International Woman's Suffrage Congress, held last year, the delegate from Australia, gloriously referring to the fact that women voted in her country, reported: "Australia is a paradise for workmen and workingwomen." In laws of the nature of the amended act above cited, "man" covers "woman."

It would seem that the paradisaical conditions of Australia for workmen and workingwomen consist in the satisfaction of women and men going jointly to jail for a twelve months' term every time they put their heads together to strike for conditions that may somewhat cool off the flames of the hell of wage slavery in which they are being toasted to a turn.

### HAMMER HITS.

Labor will never be dignified until the laborer is free. He will never be free till he and his fellow laborers own the whole product of their labor, and the whole means of production.

Labor exploits nature, and capital exploits labor. Isn't that a delightful arrangement?

Yes; that arrangement is the heaven of Capital and the hell of Labor.

But Capital is not the only inhabitant of this heaven. Superstition has a seat there, because it is the faithful servant and sincere worshipper of Capital. It is the faithful servant of Capital because it defends the capitalist heaven, before the eyes of the denizens of hell, telling them of the glories and delights of a heaven that never had and never will have any existence outside the interested brains of its inventors. But the invention has hitherto paid its inventors and their patrons well, it has kept the denizens of hell humble, obedient, submissive, and the heavenly sycophants safe. This is the sole function of the church.

Other hierarchies and favored faithful servants of Capital have also comfortable seats there—the hierarchies of Law, of Learning, of Official Murder, of the Press: these all participate in the felicities of the capitalist heaven—on earth, and their private interests in that heaven, like the flaming sword in the faded Eden, turn every way, guarding what is indeed to them a Tree of Life—and to its creators a hell transcending in its horrors the imaginary Inferno of a Dante or the Pandemonium of a Milton.—Australian People.

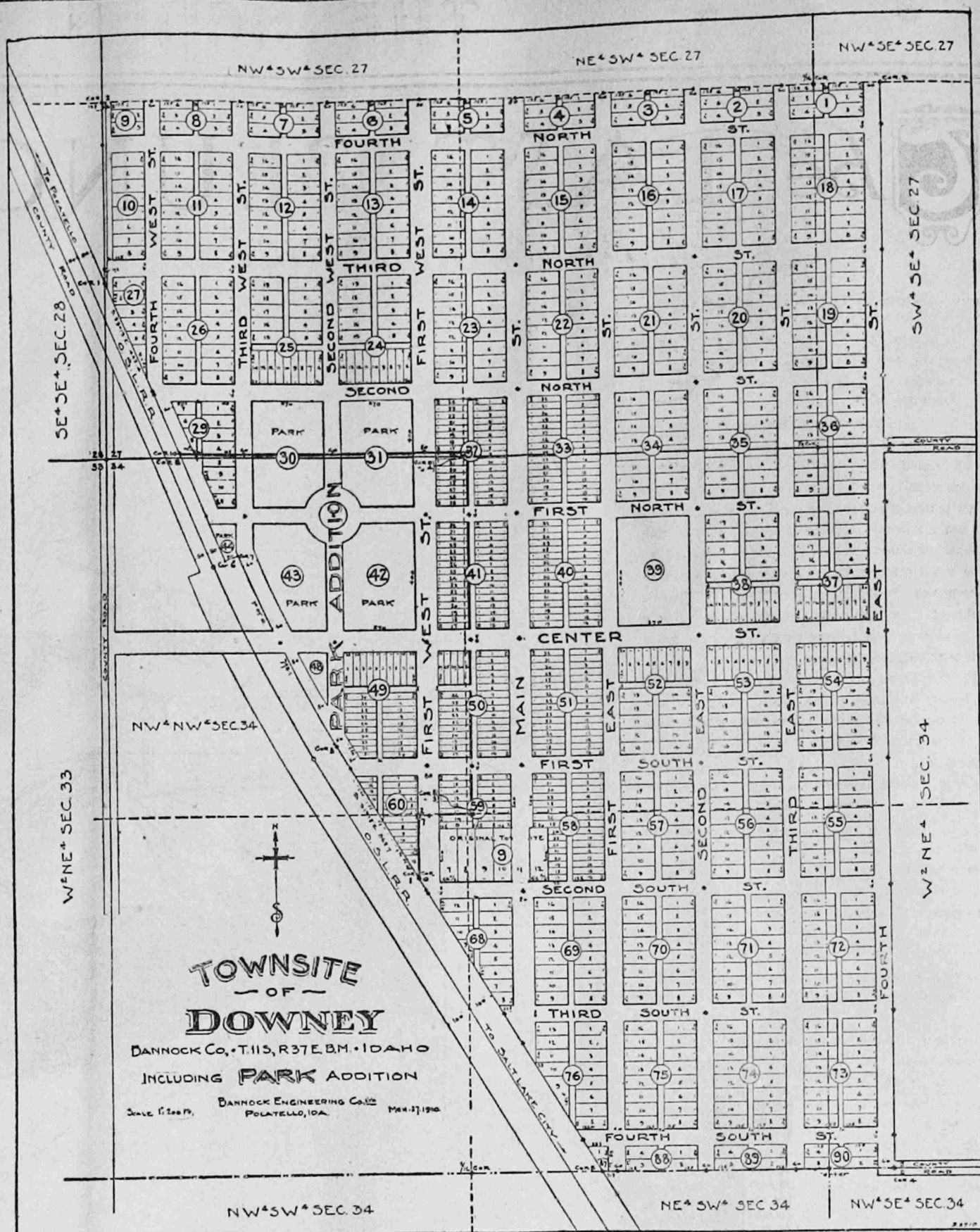
### SELECTED.

Pointed Utterances That Are Well Worth Preserving.

The Defects of Trades Unions. Trades Unions work well as centers of resistance against the encroachments of capital. They fall partially from an invidious use of their power. They fall generally from limiting themselves to a guerrilla warfare against the effects of the existing system, instead of simultaneously trying to change it, instead of using their organized forces as a lever for the final emancipation of the working class, that is to say, the ultimate abolition of the wage system.—Karl Marx.

### Value of an Ideal.

For all human things do require to have an Ideal in them; to have some Soul in them, as we said, were it only to keep the Body unperished. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul place it in what ugliest Body may, will eradicate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mold, modify, new-form or reform, and ugliest Body and



## A Fast Growing City in the Heart of Southern Idaho

Auction Sale of Business and Residence Lots in one of the fast growing Towns of the Northwest—Your Foundation of a Fortune.

Downey is in the center of the Marsh Valley Project, U. S. Reclamation Service south of the Portneuf River, in Southern Idaho.

The Marsh Valley has never known a crop failure. The Valley contains over 20,000 acres of irrigable land, of which 8,000 acres are already under water. In addition there are available for cultivation 120,000 acres of land, 90,000 acres of which are now being worked, and the farm lands of the valley are being so rapidly occupied that Downey—the market town of the valley—is growing rapidly.

### Central Location—Rich Farm Lands—MEANS PROSPERITY

Downey is on the main line of the Oregon Short Line about 100 miles north of Ogden, Utah. The plan above will show how it fronts on the railroad.

Surrounded by mountains of moderate height on either side, Downey has one of the most beautiful prospects in the northwest. Adjacent waterfalls will develop Electric Power. The Oregon Short Line has planned to build a new and larger Depot this summer.

All of this will indicate to you the great future of Downey. It has every prospect of soon becoming a metropolis of Southern Idaho. The population of Downey is now about 300. With a boom in prospect from a rapid influx this summer, property values will advance to several times their present standing. Lots have been selling at from \$25.00 up.

### GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR—BUY NOW YOU NAME THE PRICE YOURSELF

On July the 14th, there will be an auction sale of town lots in Downey. There will be placed on sale 260 lots in the Business Section, each 26x125 feet, and 800 Residence Lots, 50x125 feet, with 20-foot alley through each block.

In addition there will be sold 120 acres of land lying west of the Oregon Short Line Tracks—see above plat showing the tract—which is to be divided into 6-acre blocks without a lleys.

TERMS—1-4 DOWN—10 PER CENT DISCOUNT FOR CASH. EASY TERMS ON BALANCE.

### WRITE TO THE DOWNEY TOWNSITE CO., DOWNEY, IDAHO, FOR PARTICULARS LARS. W. JOHNSON, Mgr.

make it at least beautiful, and to a certain degree divine. Oh, if you could detour that Brutus-God Milton, and put a Spirit-God in his place. One way or the other, he must and will have to be dethroned.—Thomas Carlyle.

### BRADSTREETS AND R. G. DUN

NEW YORK, June 10.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade tomorrow will say:

With a compromise effected on the question of railroad rates which, though depending in part on action by congress on the railroad bill, is regarded as satisfactory, and with the crop prospects for both wheat and cotton decidedly good, the business outlook shows much improvement over last week. The improvement is largely sentimental, but increased confidence almost invariably leads to increased trade. Stocks of pig iron continue to accumulate, yet curtailment of production was on a much less extensive scale during May than in the preceding month. New business comes forward in slightly larger

volume in the west and a better feeling exists as a result of the compromise regarding freight rates. Talked of cancellation of equipment orders have not materialized and the railroads continue to place some important contracts in certain lines. Structural work continues quite active and bridge work pending aggregates about 25,000 tons.

Formal notice from the largest producers of cotton and woolen goods of an intention to curtail production very materially bespeaks the difficulties besetting textile lines. Manufacturers are purchasing in a limited way, and there is some increase in the call for staple domestics, while the miscellaneous export trade continues quiet, but fairly steady. The best markets being the Philippines and some of the South American countries. Trade in footwear continues quiet and manufacturers throughout New England are running under materially reduced headway, but slight improvement is noticeable as New England manufacturers are getting in more fall orders. Leather is decidedly dull. Dullness and weakness characterize the hide market and prices are lower on about all varieties.

NEW YORK, June 10.—Bradstreet's tomorrow will say: Unseasonably cool weather still arrests retail trade and retards crop progress in the northern half of the country, and trade is quiet in the

southern districts, though cereal and fruit crops there are making progress. Jobbing trade reports reflect quiet in consumptive demand and a moderate reorder business, which is frequently classed as varied but small in the aggregate.

Trade as a whole still hesitates pending a clearer view of crop and price outcome. Industrial reports point to considerable curtailment of output proceeding from uncertainty as to the latter.

Future trade in cotton goods is backward, with operations cautious. In woolen goods trade is also backward and there is some idle machinery.

Sole leather is steady, but on local and export account. Upper leather is quiet and tanned and reported curtailing operations.

Bad weather restricts trade in shoes.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending June 9 were 189, against 160 last week and 197 in the same week of 1909.

### OPIMUM SMUGGLER ARRESTED.

EL PASO, June 10.—Isaac Blum, an employee of the Juarez Jockey club, was arrested last night while swimming the Big Grande from the Mexican shore to the United States territory. Blum was searched and thirty-five cans of opium was discovered on his person.

### I WILL GIVE \$1000

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ANY LUMP IN WOMAN'S BREAST 13 CURE, and if neglected it will always poison deep glands in the breast, and kill quickly Address DR. & MRS. DR. CHAMLEY, STANLEY MARSH, U. S. CANCER CURE, LARGEST IN THE WORLD 745 AND 747 S. MAIN ST., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

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